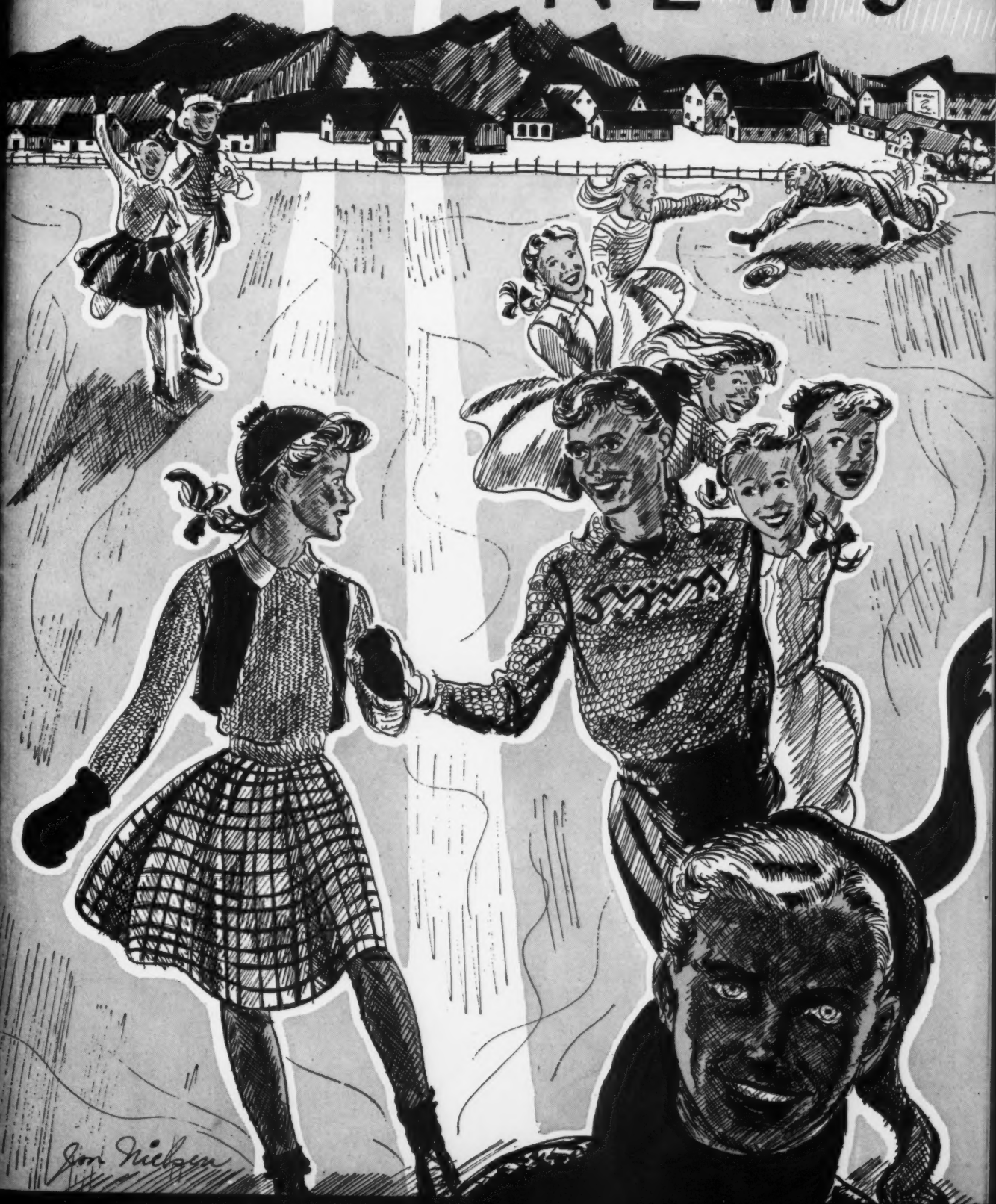


# American Junior Red Cross

January 1946

# NEWS



# The Snowflake Fairy

MARY CALLAHAN, Grade 4

Illustration By Sheilah Beckett

**D**ID you ever see a snowflake fairy,  
With a dress of lacy white?  
She is such a lovely lady,  
When she glistens in the light.  
Did you ever see her dancing,  
From the sky so high and blue?  
She twirls and whirls her bit of lace  
Until she kisses you!



# American Junior Red Cross NEWS

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Part I • January • 1946

## Where We Belong

VALMORE SCANTLIN

Illustrations by Ann Eshner

THE WARM SAFETY that Michie had felt, playing in the parked car, was suddenly gone. She wished that Sue had not asked that question: "What was it like at the Center, Michie?" The swish of the wiper across the windshield and the tiny feet of rain tap-dancing on the roof no longer sounded snug.

"I don't exactly remember," she replied. "The Center was okay. But there were too many people there. The soldiers were okay, too. Some of the people were"—she swallowed—"Japanese." She tugged at the door handle. "I have to go see Mommy now."

Sue Holt's hand, just a little larger, closed over hers and coaxed it away from the door, but Michie's hand clung tighter. She pressed her face against the pane. "Susie," she asked, "am I a good Japanese or a bad one?"

Sue's answer popped out, sharply. "You're good. I'll fight any kid around here who calls you bad. Who was it, Michie?" When Michie did not answer, she added in an angry tone, "Why, you aren't even a Japanese at all. You're a—Nisei."

Michie nodded, swallowing again. Older children at the Relocation Center had told her that that was what they all were, *Nisei*. They had told her about the bad Japanese, too. She had heard them talk about home and school,

before they came to the Center. She herself had been too young, when she came to the Center, to remember much else.

When she answered Sue, her voice sounded miserable. "I'd rather just be an American like I used to," she said. The big children at the Center had said that, too.

Michie had been happy most of the time since she and her mother had come from the Relocation Center to live with Sue Holt and Sue's mother. Sue was rather old, nine or so. Having Sue to play with was like having a big sister. Their fathers, Captain Holt and Lieutenant Funimoto, were still overseas together, far away.

"Come on and tell who called you names," Sue urged.

"It wasn't just exactly names," Michie answered. "He—old Mr. Coblins—"

"Well, old Mr. Coblins *what*?" Sue demanded.

Michie did not answer. She did not know how to explain why old Mr. Coblins always made her feel like crying.

Yet, when she first came, Michie had only thought what a nice funny-looking old man Mr. Coblins was. One day she had trudged a long distance through the garden, between rows of turnips that he was hoeing, to offer

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him some hard bright candies she had bought with her week's allowance. He had pulled his face longer than ever, and rolled the candies in the palm of his creased brown hand, gazing at them closely. Then suddenly he looked hard at Michie. Startled, she backed off a few steps and turned away. She was sorry he did not say thank you so she would feel really glad over not keeping the candy all for herself. At the edge of the garden she looked back and saw Mr. Coblins spill the candies on the ground and scrape dirt over them with his boot. She told her mother about it, her hurt feelings mixed with a wonder whether Mr. Coblins could make more candy grow by planting what she gave him. Her mother laughed. "It is because he has no teeth to eat hard things with," she explained. But Michie kept remembering the way Mr. Coblins had looked at her candy, as though it might be spoiled.

Nothing about him quite made sense to her. He seemed to like little girls; that is, he liked Sue. But whenever he saw Michie alone he began asking her queer questions. . . .

Michie got the door open at last. Bursting into the sun porch, where her mother and Sue's mother were sewing, she began crying out loud.

"I don't want to go b-back," she wept. "I don't want to g-go back—" She pressed tight against her mother's shoulder.

"What is it now?" Mother asked. "Do you want to make Sue and Mrs. Holt feel you are not happy with them—being a cry-baby like this?"

Michie held her breath and squeezed her lips together. She would never make anybody understand unless she could quit bawling long enough to finish saying what she meant. "I don't w-want to go back to JAPAN. I don't want to go b-back w-where we BELONG!"

Her mother did not call her silly. She lifted Michie to her lap and rocked her a little. "What put this into your head?"

Michie heard Mrs. Holt ask in a low voice



"I don't want to go b'back," sobbed Michie

than we imagined. Tell me what Mr. Coblins has said."

Michie took a deep breath, and all Mr. Coblins' questions tumbled out of her, one after another: "How did Papa get into the war? Are we g-good Japanese, or b-bad ones? W-which side is Poppy on? Why don't all of us g-go back where we b-belong? Mommy, where do we BELONG?"

She clutched her mother's arms with both hands, trying to swallow her tears, and jerking with hiccoughs that made silly squeaks before she could stop them. She heard Mrs. Holt say, "Etsemia, this is serious. I'll talk to Coblins."

Michie let her mother turn her face to dry it. "There," she said in her quietest voice. "Take big breaths, nice deep long ones. That feels better, doesn't it? Now listen to me, Michie. What you are is a good American. Nothing else. So stop being afraid you will have to go back somewhere. There is no going back. Americans go ahead, and you are a good American."

"Even before I was born?" Michie asked.

"Yes, you were born American. Your papa, too, and I, we were all born American. Your grandfathers and grandmothers came here when they were young, because they all wanted to go forward, in America."

"I can't exactly remember when all my grandpas and grandmas came here," Michie answered. Then she laughed because the rest

of Sue, who had followed in: "What was it this time, Sue?"

"Mom, I just don't know. Unless old Mr. Coblins teased her or something. I was going to ask him, but she ran away so I came, too. Michie," she begged, "you mustn't get scared of him."

Michie bellowed, "I'm not SCARED!"

Her mother spoke in her ear, in a soft voice. "Don't yell at Sue, daughter. It is not shameful to be scared. We are all scared of many things, but when we look at them and understand them, there are fewer things to fear



of them did. She let herself be slid down on her feet, but she still leaned against her mother. She felt limp like a cloth doll that some of the stuffing has come out of.

Mrs. Holt held up her sewing. "Look, girls," she said. "We are making new dresses, just alike for you two. I'm making a pink one, to be a present for Michie; and Etsemia is making Sue a blue one, for her present. Won't Michie look nice in this pink one, with her bright black hair?"

"Susie can have the pink dress," Michie offered, to make up for bothering everybody.

Mrs. Holt came over and kissed the top of Michie's head, blowing a tickle wind through her hair. "You're a dove, Michie," she said, and Michie threw her arms around Mrs. Holt's neck and kissed her. Only her own mother was more beautiful than Susie's.

Mrs. Holt closed her sewing basket and spoke briskly: "Sue, your job is to make the salads for our luncheon. Make them up any way you like, from what you find in the ice-box. Michie, it's time to go for the mail. Put on your boots and raincape. I'll straighten things downstairs and write the grocery list while your mamma does the bedrooms."

Sue started for the kitchen, calling back, "Come help me with the salads after you get the mail, Michie. My job takes longer."

Michie skipped to the coat closet. Going for the mail was her favorite chore. She buttoned her raincape under her chin and hip-pety-hopped away on her errand. She jumped over some of the puddles and splashed at the edge of others. When she reached the mailbox, she was all business. She used both hands and puffed out her cheeks to turn the key.

Today there was a letter from Pop, for her and Mommy, the first in a long time. There was also a letter from Sue's pop. Michie knew his writing as well as her own father's. Mrs. Holt called letters from them "mail from the armed forces," and today there was mail from both the armed forces! That was something!

Watching where she stepped, she almost ran into Mr. Coblins. He had halted right in her way. She tried to go around him, without acting scared.

"Is the mail nice today?" he asked. "From the papas?"

Michie did not answer. She held the mail

**Mr. Coblins halted right in her way so she couldn't pass him**

tighter. Her legs began wanting to run. "I have to go help Sue make salad right away," she gulped, as her legs ran away with her.

Michie ran around to the back door. She pulled off her boots and carried them in one hand, pinching the mail in the other. She found Mrs. Holt on the sun porch and delivered the mail to her.

"Thanks, dear," Mrs. Holt said. "Hang your cape on the costumer to dry." She laid the mail on the table and turned to speak to Mr. Coblins, who stepped in through the outside door of the porch. Michie heard her tell him, "If you will wait here, I can have the grocery list ready in a minute. I want to talk with you before you go."

Michie put her cape to dry, then hung around the door of the den where Mrs. Holt was making up the grocery list. She wanted to carry Pop's letter upstairs to Mommy as soon as possible. When the list was finished, she followed out to the sun porch.

Mr. Coblins was reading the headlines in the newspaper. He laid it down to take the grocery list. As she talked to him about it, Mrs. Holt picked up a letter. "Michie," she asked thoughtfully, "were there one or two pieces of mail?"

"Two," Michie answered promptly.



"Sure?" Mrs. Holt looked at her inquiringly. "Was there anything from Sue's papa, or from yours?"

Mr. Coblins picked up the newspaper again. Then he laid it down right away. He began to open the door.

"I hadn't quite finished about the groceries," Mrs. Holt told him, and he came back.

"From both our pops," Michie said. "Two without stamps." Nothing but the newspaper was on the table.

Mrs. Holt told her, "Run and let your mamma know about her letter, honey. Tell her to come down here and we will read both our letters together. Oh, Coblins, you must wait too and enjoy them with us. We have not heard from Michie's father for weeks and weeks. He may have had some adventures."

Michie held her face stiff. She could feel a cry-baby spell coming on. Mr. Coblins would spoil everything. He was standing there with his mouth open so that she could see that her mother was right about his not having any teeth for hard candy. His eyes sort of stuck out, and his warty brown hands twisted his old hat around and around till it would surely come apart.

"Go fast, Michie," Mrs. Holt hurried her up. "Call Sue as you come back."

Mrs. Funimoto was finishing the last bed. "A letter from Poppy? How happy and exciting. And from Captain Holt? What fun for us all to read them together!" They ran downstairs hand in hand. Michie sidetracked to bring Sue.

When the girls came out on the sun porch, Mrs. Holt was sitting beside the table opening her letter. Mrs. Funimoto, sitting on the glider at the end of the porch, was opening hers. Mr. Coblins, sitting on a straight chair near the door, kept crossing his legs first this way and then the other.

Sue, who could read, ran to look over her mother's shoulder. Michie climbed on the glider and leaned her cheek against her mother's shoulder.

"Oh!" Michie's mother made a strange sound, like loud breathing.

Mrs. Holt looked up quickly. Then she glanced again at her letter, turning a page and reading rapidly. She laid it down. "Etsemia," she said, and came over and sat down beside Michie. "Etsemia, how proud you must be!"

Mrs. Funimoto's face was very pale. She began to make a smile but did not finish it. "It—he—the letter explains why no message

came for so long," she said. "He—the letter—it says . . ."

Mrs. Holt interrupted, "I know. The captain's letter tells about it, too. How very proud you must be!"

"Thank you, my friend. I—I cannot read it out loud. Will you read it, please?"

Mrs. Holt took the letter. Skipping the first words, which Michie knew were always love words, she read, "You will know that all is fine with me or I could not be writing this myself. I would not tell you what has kept me from writing, except that I think you and our big daughter will be proud, perhaps. You see, my loved ones, I have had the good fortune to be awarded the Purple Heart. I was ill a long time. In fact I have been in a hospital unconscious for two months. My identification tag had been stolen, so there was no way of telling for sure who I was."

Mrs. Holt said, "Here is more fine news. 'And besides the Purple Heart, I have been given a number of other thises-and-thats for various little things it came my way to do, as though it was not enough good fortune to fight for my country. But here is the news that you will be most glad to have. I am to come home to America soon, to my native land. There Dr. Uncle Sam will finish making me well. Before many weeks you shall have the whole story, and from my own lips.'"

Michie's mother, her face covered with her hands, made another strange little noise, like laughing and crying together. Mrs. Holt's eyes were very bright.

"You see, Michie?" she asked. "See what a good American your Pop is?"

Michie nodded. She was trying to pull her mother's hands down to kiss her.

In the same tone that she had used for Michie, Mrs. Holt said, "You see, Coblins?"

"Yes, ma'am," Coblins answered, and his voice quavered. "I got to make you understand I never did a thing like that before—like I was fixing to—to read other people's letters. I was just—all mixed up . . ."

"I understand!" Mrs. Holt's voice made Michie look away from her mother and listen sharply. "It was just that Michie had scared you."

Michie stared from Mrs. Holt to old Mr. Coblins.

"But everything is clear now, isn't it, Coblins? Now that you know that Michie's father was fighting on our side?"

"Yes, ma'am," Coblins said, still quavery.

"Scared of ME?" thought Michie.



# Antarctic Discoverer

HELEN AUGUR

Decorations by Iantha Armstrong

ANYBODY who knew the sea in the days of sailing ships could tell you who Captain Nat was. This tall, shaggy-haired, salt-water man was known and loved all up and down the coasts of both Americas. They knew him in England and in China; his great booming voice was familiar on the Spanish Main and inside the Golden Gate.

Nathaniel Brown Palmer—that was his full name—was a legend while he was still alive. Captain Nat? Why, he could see farther than any man on the ocean; his eyes were telescopes. Captain Nat sailed his ships faster, trained and fed his crews better, and snared more trade winds and adventures in his sails than any mariner afloat. As one of his brothers, a famous navigator himself, said: "My home is here in Stonington, but Nat's home is the world."

But when people bragged about Captain Nat because they loved and revered him, they usually forgot that he had discovered a continent when he was only twenty-one. Captain Nat's continent was Antarctica, that white home of penguin and albatross, a vast realm of over 5,000,000 square miles, much larger than Europe. And what use is Antarctica? The answer to that lies in the future. Perhaps some day it may turn out to be very important and its first explorer will collect his overdue fame.

Lately modern explorers have proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that this boy from Stonington, Connecticut, discovered Antarctica. That means that the United States has first claim to the last continent of the globe. But our government has never made a formal claim to it because of Palmer's discovery, nor to the parts of the continent later explored by Charles Wilkes and Admiral Richard Byrd. Instead, it has refused to recognize the claims of other countries, especially England, to the White Continent—which is a polite way of saying that it could belong to us if we cared to say so. Within the next few years the United Nations will probably decide the question of who owns Antarctica. They may vote to make it common property of the allied nations.

The true story of the discovery of Antarctica came about in the most natural way you can imagine. It was on the cards that somebody from the little port of Stonington should discover this land, for the region below the Horn was the happy hunting ground for fur seal, and in that day a sealer meant somebody from Stonington, just as a Northwest fur hunter for sea otter meant somebody from Boston, or a whaler was almost bound to come from Nantucket.

Young Nat grew up in a town of about 5,000 people who were interested in hunting seal. It was a cruel business, and a dangerous one, but it paid. There was a huge demand for furs in China, for the houses were unheated during winters as cold as ours, and all who could afford it bundled up in otter and seal. Also, it was the fashion to cover trunks with sealhide. In what is summer in the far south, the seal gather in "rookeries" on rocky islands, where the cubs are born. Sealing is not cruel to the individuals, since one blow on their soft skulls kills them instantly. But in the great days of fur hunting, it was cruel to the herds, almost exterminating them.

Nat and his brothers had more than the sealing excitement in their boyhood. Their father was a shipbuilder, and they grew up with their feet in sawdust and the chips of fine Connecticut oak that went into stout ships. Nat learned a great deal about shipbuilding as a boy which helped him later to design some of the most superb ships that have ever sailed the seas.

At fourteen, in the midst of the War of 1812, he began four years on what were called blockade runners—little brigs and sloops that ventured from New York all the way to Maine delivering supplies that kept New England going. The British tried to cork up Long Island Sound by a patrol of warships across from Montauk Point to the Connecticut shore. It was a tight blockade, and the British guns had a long range, so that any ship that tried to run the gauntlet had to know the ropes. For four years Nat had the experience of running almost under the noses of the big guns, using foggy weather or moonless nights for



cover, learning the importance of speed, and knowing the coastline, its hidden reefs and shoals, like his own hand. This trick of navigating through fog and along shallow coasts was extremely useful below the Horn, which has some of the same conditions.

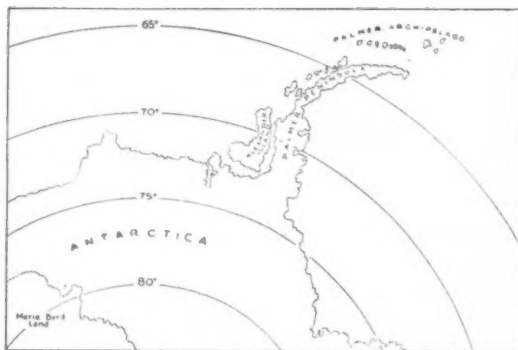
At eighteen, he was Captain Nat, in command of a schooner, with a fine reputation as an all-round skipper and a boy who could sight whatever was on the horizon minutes or hours before anybody else. But he gladly gave up his rank as captain, to ship as second mate on his first deep-sea voyage to the sealing grounds below the Horn.

This voyage was really for the purpose of exploring, but nobody expected Nat Palmer to have a hand in it. The Stonington men had pretty well killed off the seal on the rookeries near "Old Cape Stiff," and Nat's commander, Captain James Sheffield, was instructed to look for some legendary islands farther south called the Lost Auroras. What an instinct those old seadogs had! Their noses told them that there must be islands below the Horn, and they were right.

The sealers stopped first at their old station on the Falkland Islands, where they kept herds of half-wild cattle to feed the crews. Young Nat, now nineteen, was left behind to salt down beef while Captain Sheffield nosed south in search of the legendary islands. It was like being put on K.P. while somebody else goes out to gather the medals. But even on K.P., Nat was an explorer.

Along came a British ship named *Espirito Santo*. While Nat helped the captain stock up with beef, he kept his ears open. The captain was mysterious. He was bound, he said, for some new islands to the south, which another Englishman had sighted the year before. That was all he would say, and when he left, he was careful to sail off in the wrong direction until he thought he was out of sight. But Nat, stationed on the highest point of land, saw him change his tack.

Soon Captain Sheffield was back with the brig, very glum because he had not sighted the fabulous islands. Nat told him he had a pretty good idea where they were. They set



Outline map of Palmer's discovery

sail, and four days later found the South Shetland Islands—and the *Espirito Santo*. These very important islands were black with seal, and though the British were dumfounded at the Yankees following them in this uncanny fashion, they took it cheerfully. There were more than enough seal for everybody.

When the brig was back in Stonington with a splendid catch, it was impossible to keep the news of the South Shetlands secret. From New York up to Salem, vessels were readied for a voyage to the fresh rookeries. Edmund Fanning, another one of the old seadogs, gathered seven brigs and schooners with a special exploring sloop which he gave Nat to command. He was Captain Nat again, and his tiny vessel of forty-odd tons had the appropriate name of *Hero*. She was almost his age—twenty-one—that summer of 1820 when the Stonington fleet sailed off for the South Shetlands.

The news had spread so fast that thirty English and Yankee vessels were busy in the new sealing grounds. Captain Nat was sent off to find newer rookeries, and from the rim of the crater on Deception Island he sighted land to the south—a great deal of land. He sighted Antarctica.

During January of 1821 he nosed along the coast of this strange land until he was able to chart 300 miles of it. It is a thousand pities that he never wrote the story of that voyage. But at the time he was too busy navigating his ship along this tricky coast, and afterwards he was always too busy at the next adventure. Years later he told an English admiral in Hong Kong:

"I pointed the bow of my little craft to south'ard and, with her wings spread, she speeded her way like a thing of life and light. With her flowing sheet she seemed to enter into the spirit of my ambitions, and flew along until she brought me into sight of land not laid down on my chart."

This land of Antarctica was not laid down on any chart but Captain Nat's for some time. He makes his exploring sound much too easy, the little *Hero* speeding along to the south'ard in the bright midsummer. Actually, unlike the "friendly Arctic," where a million people

live comfortably, the Antarctic is still in the grip of the Ice Age, a land where not one human being, and no land animal larger than a flea, can live as a steady thing. Penguins are the First Citizens of this chill continent. Captain Nat found these delightful creatures in hordes; he saw whales and sea leopards and countless birds, but no seal.

But he pushed his little *Hero* through the fogs, icebergs, blinding snows, fiendish winds, past mountains made of ice and others of bare black rock, a land truly fearsome to navigate but sometimes superbly beautiful when the sun lighted up the dark blue sea and the dazzling peaks. Finally he worked north again, charting the islands south of the Shetlands that now bear his name.

One night in early February the *Hero* was fogbound and standing motionless when one of the strangest adventures of all took place.

Captain Nat came on deck at midnight for the middle watch. At twelve-thirty he struck one tap on the ship's bell. To his mystification, there was an echo on the port side, and a second later another echo off the starboard bow. Half an hour later, when two bells were struck, the same thing occurred. He thought it might be a trick of this strange region, but, as he said later:

"I could not credit my ears. I thought I was dreaming, because save for the screeching of the penguins and albatrosses, the pigeons and Mother Cary's chickens, I was sure no living object was within leagues."

The mate and the sailors were terrified. Wasn't this desolate underside of the globe the home of supernatural creatures? Would they ever get back to Stonington? Every half hour the uncanny echoes sounded.

By dawn the air—and the mystery—were cleared up. On either side of the *Hero* lay two big warships which soon ran up the Russian flag. Captain Nat answered with Old Glory, and a cutter was let down and made her way to them. An officer who spoke fluent English invited Captain Nat to the frigate. He went aboard just as he was, a lean young man of six feet, in his sea boots and sou'wester and his rough coat of sealhide. Aboard the frigate he encountered officers of the Czar in brilliant uniforms; he had never seen so much gold braid in all his life.

The commander, Fabian von Ballingshausen, courteously explained that the Czar had sent him to explore the Antarctic. Frankly, said he, two years' work had brought very small results. But he had heard of islands in

this neighborhood. Was it simply a myth?

"Well, sir, those are the South Shetlands," said Captain Nat. "And they're full of sealers. I should be glad to lead you to them; I'm bound that way myself."

This was a severe blow to the Russian explorer, who had hoped to discover the Lost Auroras, just as Captain Sheffield had, eighteen months before. When Captain Nat told him about the continent 700 miles south of the Horn, he was thunderstruck. Nat sent back to the *Hero* for his log and charts, and after an elegant breakfast the Russians went over them. Von Ballingshausen arose and made the Yankee a deep bow.

"This is a fabulous piece of work," he said. "A mere boy, in a tiny ship the size of my launch, has pushed toward the Pole and found a land that I, in my fine ships, have sought for two years in vain. You can wear your laurels proudly, my boy. I now name the land you have discovered Palmer Land."

And as Palmer Land this strip of Antarctica went down on the earliest and the latest charts, but it is still easy to find maps showing Palmer Archipelago below the South Shetlands, but omitting Palmer Land from Antarctica. In two more expeditions Captain Nat perfected his work and found more islands—but you can only discover a continent once.

One might think life would have seemed pretty thin to Captain Nat after such an accomplishment. Instead, he thought rather little about it. He was soon busy running troops and supplies to the Spanish Main to help Simon Bolivar win liberty for his people. Then he designed and sailed the fastest and most elegant packet ships that ran between New York and Liverpool. Finally he got interested in the China trade, and designed the first clipper ships to rush the fresh teas home around Africa. Even in his old age, he couldn't let ships alone, and built and sailed no less than fifteen yachts. If he wasn't sailing, he was fishing or hunting ducks or encouraging some youngster who wanted to be a great sea captain. He was nearly eighty when he died on a voyage back from China.





Teacher and pupils study correspondence album about New England fishing industry received from fifth grade of Hosmer School, Watertown, Mass.

## School Correspondence

Through Junior Red Cross intersectional school correspondence children all over the country have a chance to become better acquainted.

The step-by-step story of how material for one album was gathered is shown on these two pages. Children of the Lakeside School, Duluth, Minnesota, received an album from New England describing the fishing in-



Here the group historian meditates on the immensity of the man-made hole for mining ore



Assistant engineer is kept busy answering questions as he conducts the group through the mine



Truck driver answers questions about loads, trips and trucking in the mine. Ore is transported from steam shovel to harbor by heavy-duty trucks



Aboard ore boat, group watches ore pouring into hold from chutes connected with overhead hoppers filled by railroad cars

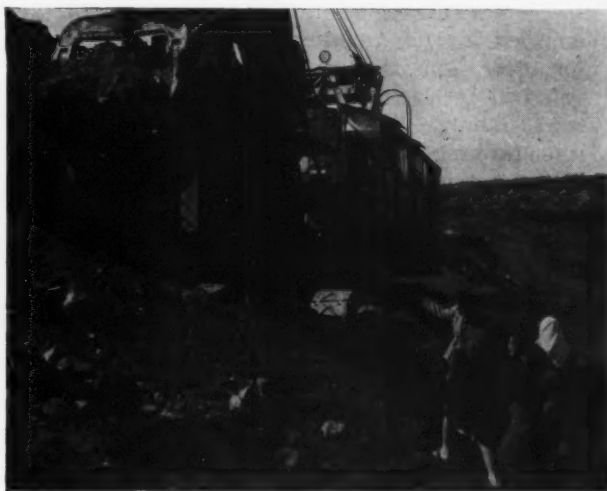


## Album in the Making

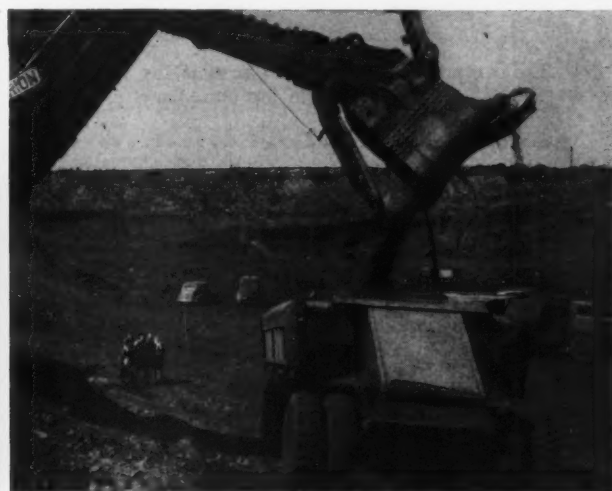
dusty. They decided to reply with an account of their own iron ore industry. With their teacher's help, they organized a field trip to one of the larger open-face mines near Richmond, Minnesota. After following the ore from ground to boat, they were well equipped to go back to school and turn out a first-class album describing Minnesota's contribution to the nation's wealth



Out at the mine they all examine samples of high grade ore. Their teacher reminds them to be good reporters



Children learn that open-face mining is done by steam shovel



Heavy duty trucks transport ore to railroad cars which take it to loading docks in Duluth harbor



From the bridge, children see freighter loading pig iron smelted in Duluth. A giant magnet lifts bars from railroad car into boat



Boat, loaded with pig iron, clears Duluth harbor as children wave good-bye. They then return to school to make an album on the iron industry

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EILEEN BIGELOW

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**The American Junior Red Cross is the American Red Cross in the schools.**

## More Gift Boxes to Fill!

DURING most of the time you have been going to school, even those of you in the sixth grade, the war has been on. You therefore know something of what war means.

You know, for instance, that war means such things as ration books, food shortages, crowded buses; fewer doctors, nurses and teachers; mothers working in factories; fathers sent overseas to areas of great danger from which some of them will never return. The war has left us with many wounded men; many broken homes; with heavy taxes and with what may become even worse, that thing called inflation, which makes a loaf of bread cost a dollar instead of a dime.

These are some of the things you know about war, at firsthand, but unless you were at Pearl Harbor on December 7, 1941, you probably do not realize what war has been like for children overseas.

The bombing of their homes was bad enough, but worse, far worse, were such things as starvation, sickness due to cold, to lice or to crowded conditions; worst of all, perhaps, was separation from their parents, as well as cruelties and neglect which children suffered at the hands of strangers.

During the war it was next to impossible—because of the blockade and because there was no room on the ships—for the American

Junior Red Cross to send things to children in countries under Axis control.

*But now things can be sent. Thanks to the National Children's Fund which you support, tons of candy, hundreds of medical chests, thousands of gift boxes and soft toys have already been distributed during this past year in Europe and in the Philippines.*

More thousands of gift boxes need to be filled. In February and March, a new shipment will be ready for American Junior Red Cross members to pack to the brim with things which are so needed overseas—school supplies, health articles, toys. Your teacher-sponsor can find out from your Junior Red Cross chairman whether there is a gift box for your room to pack.

## A Reminder

MAKE sure that your school has re-enrolled in the American Junior Red Cross for 1946. This is the last issue of the News you will receive if your school has enrolled for 1945 only. The enrollment campaign held last November enrolled members for the calendar year 1946.

## A Salute

HAVE you the sort of eagle eye that notices changes on magazine mastheads? If so, you may have noticed on this page two new names: that of Miss Clara Mae Morgan as Assistant Editor, and that of Mr. William J. Flynn as Contributing Editor.

Miss Morgan comes from Omaha, Nebraska, where as Director of Junior Red Cross she supervised the printing each year of a particularly fine Junior Red Cross student-written newspaper. She takes the place of Mrs. Mildred Walden, who made "Ideas on the March" such a lively part of each issue of the News for so many years. We shall certainly miss Mrs. Walden, but we are glad someone who has been working right in Junior Red Cross could take her place.

In the same way we are pleased to have Mr. Flynn join the editorial staff, because of his experience overseas during the war as a Red Cross field director. Mr. Flynn will share with Miss Henderson the writing of the Calendar and the Teacher's Guide. That will give both our contributing editors time to make visits to those schools where Junior Red Cross is a particularly vital part of the classwork.

*The poem on the frontispiece was written by a fourth-grader in the McCleary School in Amsterdam, New York.*

# I Come from Iceland

AUDUR JONSDOTTIR

The author of this article is a young Icelander who has been studying the different services of the American Red Cross. At right she and Miss Ethel Benson, Director of Junior Red Cross for the Chicago Chapter, look over an exhibit of articles made by Junior Red Cross members. When she returns to Iceland she hopes to promote the work of the Icelandic Junior Red Cross. While in this country she made a trip to the Midwest and spoke in a number of schools there. This is what she said:

IT IS very nice of you to give me the opportunity to talk to you for a few minutes. It is a little hard for me to talk in your language, and I wonder if you will understand me. But I'll do my best, because I want to tell you something about my country.

Iceland is its name. It is an island in the far northern Atlantic, a long distance from other countries. It is about the same size as your state of Ohio. It measures some forty thousand square miles. The population is 130,000, and most of the people live around the coast.

As it is so far away from other countries, many people have the wrong idea about it and its inhabitants. Many people I have met since I came to your country were surprised to meet a person from Iceland who was not an Eskimo. Does it surprise you to learn we have no Eskimos on Iceland at all?

Perhaps you have wondered how the land got its name. When the first settlers came to Iceland, the first thing they saw was the glaciers which are covered with snow all the year long. So they named it Iceland.

The settlers were Vikings who came in the year 874, and the first permanent settler was Ingolfur Arnarson. These old Vikings came from Norway. They were forsaking their own country in order to escape from the tyrant, Harold the Fairhaired, who wanted to force all the smaller kings to take orders from him. Ingolfur, the first Viking to come and stay, settled in Reykjavik (pronounced Ray'kavik), which is now our capital.

Iceland is also called the Saga island, because the Vikings wrote down the old sagas. Every child in Iceland can read these sagas as



they were written, because our language has changed less than all the other Scandinavian languages.

In the year 930, a parliament was founded, and this is the oldest parliament in existence today. It is over a thousand years old. You take pride in your Congress which is over 150 years old; you can therefore understand how proud we are of our Parliament.

In the year 1000, we took the Christian faith. Until the year 1551, the religion was Catholic, but in that year we became Lutheran. Since then, the state religion has been Lutheran, but there are now about 500 Catholics in the country.

In the same year that we adopted the Christian faith, Leif Ericsson discovered the mainland of North America. He was born in Iceland, and lived there until he was about twenty years old.

At first Iceland was under Norwegian control, and then Danish, but in 1918 we became independent, except that the King of Denmark took care of our foreign affairs. Finally, on the seventeenth of June, 1944, Iceland became a republic. This change was not brought about by the war, but came in accordance with a previous agreement.

Probably you think that it is terribly cold in Iceland, but it is not. The Gulf Stream that flows around the country warms it. You will be surprised when I tell you I have never been so cold as I was when I came to New York on the twenty-third of January.

We have hot springs in many places all over



the country. There are many schoolhouses built around them which are heated by the hot water. They also heat greenhouses, where beautiful flowers, tomatoes, grapes, bananas and all kinds of vegetables grow. Almost every house in our capital is now heated by hot water from the hot springs.

We have many big waterfalls. Some of them have been put to use also. We "bridle" them, as we call it, and thus make our electricity.

I read in an American newspaper not long ago that in Iceland we have twenty-four hours of darkness for six months of the year. It is true that in December, when the days are shortest, it is not light for more than three or four hours. But in January the days become longer, and when June comes and July, it does not get dark at all. We can easily read a book all night! One night in June we have the midnight sun, which is so beautiful that nobody can describe it. The sun does not set at all. It floats above the sea, and there are all kinds of colors in the sky. It is so lovely that nobody wants to go to bed that night.

In the wintertime the people love to go up to the mountains for skiing. They have built small houses in the mountains where they can stay overnight. The children love to go ice skating. We have a lake in the middle of our capital. In the winter, when it is frozen, you may see hundreds of them ice skating in the moonlight with the northern lights sparkling above. The northern lights are beautiful. They run all over the sky like a ribbon in all different colors. They are just wonderful.

We don't have many trees in Iceland; there are a few only on the east coast, but around many houses are beautiful gardens with shrubs and flowers.

The main industries are fishing and farming. Therefore our main dish is fish in all forms. We also have many milk dishes, such as sour cream and cottage cheese, which we whip up with sugar and eat with milk or cream poured over it. During the war, we didn't get many fruits, except before Christmas when we always got some apples from the United States. We get vitamins through cod-liver oil and all the fish we eat.

Almost all the schools in Iceland are public schools. There are only a few private schools. We have only one university, where some 400

students are registered. It takes about five to seven years to graduate. Before people are able to enter the university, they have to study for six years in a high school where they have to learn Danish, English, German, Latin, and French, besides all the other subjects.

Since most of the schools are free, everybody has an opportunity to get the same education. Everybody can read and write. *There are published more books in Iceland per capita than in any other country.* Last year books were sold to the value of 8,000,000 kronen, which is the equivalent of \$3,000,000. We have a National Library in the capital, and in every district there is a public library. Every school has a library for the children.

In Iceland, we don't have trains. We travel by buses or automobile. Then we also have our famous Icelandic ponies, of which all the people are very fond. The farmers use them a great deal.

The Icelandic Red Cross was established in 1924. Its headquarters are in the capital, and now it has nine chapters in different places in the country. Every year courses are given in first aid, and ambulances have been purchased. The Icelandic Red Cross publishes two magazines, one for the children and one for adults.

One of the main activities of the Icelandic Red Cross is the summer camp program for children. I worked in a camp, summer before last. We had fifty-two children to take care of. Through your National Children's Fund, our children received garden tools from boys and girls in the American Junior Red Cross; I wish you could have seen how they enjoyed using them.

I have a little niece and a nephew up in Iceland of whom I am very fond. One day when they came home from school they were excited. They told me that they had received parcels from America. How could American children know about children up in Iceland? It was too wonderful to be true. These parcels were your gift boxes. If you only knew how glad all the children were to get them! Now I bring you the greatest love and thanks from the Icelandic children.

I hope that very soon we shall be able to start international school correspondence with you, and perhaps the Icelandic children can send you some gift boxes, so you can get an idea of the things they make in their schools.

#### THE JANUARY COVER

The drawing on the cover, by Jon Nielsen, shows Icelandic children skating, under the northern lights.

IN Soviet schools the regular school lessons teach things which every child should know. All children are therefore expected to attend all lessons, regardless of their personal tastes or favorite subjects. There are many, however, who like certain subjects so much they want to study them further. For this purpose every Soviet school offers a wide choice of circles and groups which go on after school hours and which any child may join.

Different circles often combine for such special Russian holidays as May 1 or November 7, New Year's Eve, or the party at the end of the school year. On occasion the drama circle produces a play; costumes and scenery are designed by the art group; and the lighting effects are produced by young scientists who are nothing if not practical. There are always musical items by the choir and often by the school orchestra.

In our school we had a very active artists' brigade of about ten children who did the scenery for many of our plays and also helped to decorate the school on special holidays.

Another interesting circle was the "Young Naturalists," who numbered about twenty. In addition to various aquariums, mice, and guinea-pigs, which were tended very carefully, and whose development was recorded accurately, some of these youngsters were attached to the Zoo and some others to the Botanical Gardens. At the Zoo they helped look after certain animals and worked with the scientists who did research work there, making observations on the habits of such

## Fun After School in Moscow

DEANA LEVIN

The author was a teacher for several years at the Anglo-American School in Moscow. This was a typical Soviet school, with the same studies and textbooks as in other schools, but established for English-speaking children



Russian orphans receive American Junior Red Cross gift candies at New Year tree celebration

interesting creatures as monkeys, apes and bears. Those interested in botany were active assistants in the Botanical Gardens.

For those children who are expert technicians and constructors and for whom the school circle may not be adequate, there is the district technical center. Here there are well-equipped rooms where young engineers may revel to their heart's content. Constructors may put together real wireless sets, model boats, airplanes or locomotives, all of which can be made to work. Canoes and other light craft are made and are often used for a summer holiday on one of the rivers not far from Moscow.

Registration for circles at the technical center is made through the schools, the only requirement being a note that the applicant is a good student. This means the school is able to control the activities of the children and make sure they are not trying to do too much; the necessity

for a recommendation is an added reason for doing good work.

Each district also has its art and music schools, and here children are also accepted after passing a test to see if they have any ability in art or music. There is likewise a sports center to which those interested in gymnastics, sports or acrobatics may go.

The aim of every child in Moscow is to belong to some circle in the Palace of Pioneers. It is also a privilege to receive a free ticket to its theater, library and reading room. This palace, being of a limited size, can only accommodate a limited number of the thousands

of children in Moscow, so that a pass to it is something to strive for. Only Pioneers with excellent grades or a good record of service are given passes.

The Palace of Pioneers is a veritable dream palace for children. From the outside it looks like some medieval castle, with its gray walls and turrets, but inside it is the last word in modernity and is equipped to satisfy almost any desire or dream a child might have, from art, drama, literature, photography and film making, to engineering and scientific research. There is also a real theater where a company presents plays and where entertainments are given by the children themselves. Here, also, the heroes of the Soviet Union, in aviation and exploration, and the best writers, poets, artists, and musicians come to speak, read or play for the children and to inspire them with a love for the best in everything.

Our school choir was invited on one occasion to take part in an international evening which was being held in the theater of the Pioneer Palace. We were asked to give some English and American folk songs, and our singing teacher prepared very carefully for the performance.

In the theater the few isolated adults looked completely out of place in the audience of children who sat expectantly in their places. Suddenly, amid a fanfare of trumpets, the performers marched in from the back of the auditorium and took their places on the stage. Ukrainian, Jewish, German, Polish, Gypsy, Assyrian and many other nationalities were represented. The master of ceremonies was a sturdy, lovely girl of about nine or ten years of age, with two black plaits over her shoulders and a red silk tie around her neck, who announced each item without the slightest sign of self-consciousness.

I was entranced by the dancing of some of the national groups, especially the Ukrainian and the Gypsy. A small virtuoso of ten years played exquisitely on the violin, and a young Jewish girl recited a poem so dramatically that even though the majority of those present could not understand the words, she was heartily applauded.

The children's movies are always crowded with youngsters and provide such thrilling films as *Treasure Island* and *Captain Grant's Children*, *Tom Sawyer* and *A White Sail Looms*. As children under fourteen are seldom allowed in the ordinary cinemas, and never permitted to attend evening performances, they naturally go to every picture

shown in their own movie houses where adults are not allowed unless accompanied by a child! At these cinemas the last performance is over by 7:30 p.m.

At frequent intervals the producers of the children's films give special showings to which children are invited for the purpose of discussing the films. It is found that criticism by the children is extremely sound and very helpful.

As a rule the children of our school went to the cinema on the fifth day of the week. They went in a group, which made it all the more interesting, as they could discuss the film afterwards at school. The teachers also made a point of seeing all the films for the same reason.

The radio provides very good programs for children of all ages. There are two broadcasts a day: one for the small children and the other for older ones. Through these broadcasts the children are introduced to stories of all nations, such as Robin Hood, Br'er Rabbit, Andersen's fairy tales, and others popular with children all over the world. The listeners are also told the lives and exploits of the heroes of the Soviet Union, such as Papanin and his three companions (not forgetting the dog!), flyers, border guards, the textile worker Vinogradova, Stakhanov, and countless others of every walk of life.

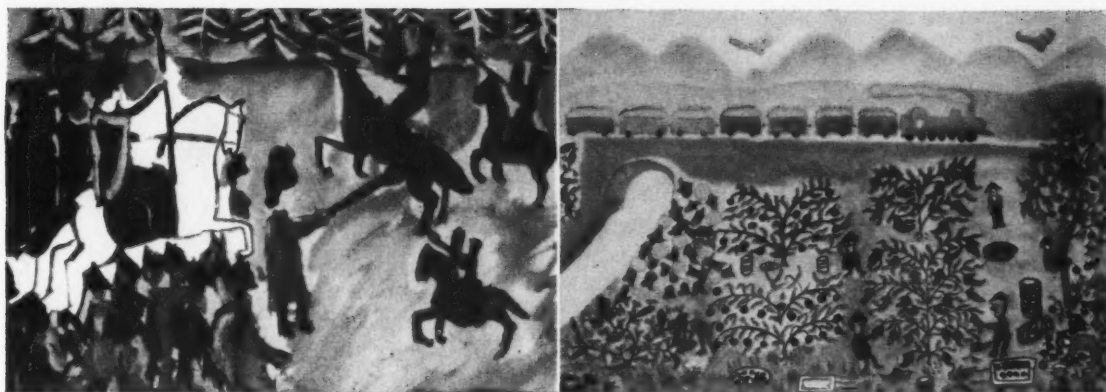
The children's broadcasting committee carries on a tremendous correspondence with its listeners from all corners of the Soviet Union, who send their poems, stories, and illustrations in great numbers. The programs are also influenced by the children's letters, because the young listeners are always ready to answer an invitation to state their views and preferences in regard to the broadcasts.

Social functions were very popular with our children, as with all children. One of the most enjoyable parties of the year was the masked ball on New Year's Eve. A huge fir tree stood in the middle of the hall, its star-crested top touching the ceiling and its glittering decorations illuminated by tiny colored lamps.

The party began with songs and games and a general parade during which the best costumes were chosen by a committee of children. Then followed a visit from Grandfather Frost, dressed in the traditional costume of Santa Claus. Grandfather Frost asked riddles, told amusing stories and before leaving gave a present to everyone in the room.

When all the refreshments had vanished,





Above, examples of paintings made in far-off Soviet Asia by children of Uzbekistan. At left is a young Russian's impression of the Russian hero Alexander Nevsky who corresponds in a way to our own George Washington. At right, another young artist shows people picking fruit. Both paintings are reproduced from "Little People in a Big Country" (Oxford University Press, \$1.50) Another small book for beginning readers is "Tootka, the Little Russian Train" (American Society for Russian Relief, Inc., 5 Cedar Street, New York 5. Fifty cents). In Russia children run small trains by themselves.

there was a program presented by the children themselves; and to finish up, dancing and mass games for as long as anyone wished, even up to midnight, on this special occasion, for the next day was the first day of the winter holidays.

Another interesting way of spending an evening was an international campfire, when children of different nationalities (not necessarily foreigners) would meet at one of the schools and, around the "fire" (made by electricity), exchange stories and recitations, songs and dances, in the friendly glow.

Pioneer troops often organized troop evenings, and here again, over a "campfire," topics of interest to the troop were discussed. I remember one interesting meeting at which the older children of fifteen discussed "friendship." The subject was discussed in its widest sense, as friendship between nations, between groups, and between individuals. The question of a friendship between two people, whether of the same or of different sexes, was gone into very carefully, and the conclusion was that if these two became exclusive and separated themselves from the collective, their friendship was not a true one, but harmful to them both. If, on the other hand, they remained interested and active in the group and used their friendship to increase their use

to society, their friendship was a wholesome one.

Another interesting point raised in the discussion was—how far is a pupil justified in "telling on" his or her companions. Several were strongly under the influence of the code of honor which says "Never tell tales." There was a hot discussion on this point.

Although so much has been written about the children's theaters of Moscow, I feel it is important to stress what a large part these theaters play in the lives of the younger generation. The children know all the actors and actresses by name, they know the repertoire of each theater and they see every play going, many of them several times.

My class often went to the theater, both collectively and individually. The child elected to get the tickets and organize the collective visits would first ask for suggestions from the class as to which plays they wished to see. I attended many plays with children of different classes and had many discussions with them. I also got to know several of the workers in the theater. They were all good teachers, as well as good actors, and their work among the children is a valuable part of education in Moscow.

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**ILENKA.** By Lee Kingman. Illustrated by Arnold Edwin Bare. Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. \$2.00.

This is the story of a lovable eight-year-old named Ilenka. When she was happy, her father said her face looked like a wheatfield in the sunshine. But suddenly Ilenka's face

began looking, most of the time, like cream gone sour. The reason was that Ilenka didn't know what she wanted to be when she grew up. How she reaches a happy answer to this puzzling question is told in this delightful book. The many gay pictures show a Russian family of today at work and play.

# Ideas on the March

## BUTTON, BUTTON, WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?



IF YOUR Senior High School sewing classes are taking part in the new Junior Red Cross project of remaking garments for European children, there are things you can do to help.

On these garments thousands of buttons will be needed for fastening and decoration. Perhaps your mother will let you take some of the buttons from the family button box for this purpose. Needles and thread and zippers will be needed too. Bits of braid trimming will be useful for edging and pockets. Machine-made lace should not be brought since Europeans are artists in lace-making and often the poorest people wear the hand-made kind produced in quantities in almost all countries.

There will be a place in the pockets of these garments for younger members to tuck a pretty handkerchief or a pocket toy. If you wish, handkerchiefs can be made from soft cotton print remnants. Cute pocket toys can be stitched together from pieces of felt, oil-cloth or bits of bright wool. Lapel ornaments of countless shapes and forms are also possibilities.

## GIs USE YOUR PATTERNS



FIGURES SHOW that American Junior Red Cross members made and shipped overseas 1,441,800 items in Christmas Decoration Units. The following thank-you letter was received from a Red Cross Field director for one of these units.

"We want you to know how much the attractive ornaments and posters from Los Angeles Junior Red Cross members helped make Christmas in India a more American one for the men in our hospital. The posters were used in the wards and in our recreational basha (bamboo hut), and the clever ornaments not only decorated the trees we had shipped in from the mountains, but served as patterns for many more. The patients worked hard decorating their wards and expressed their appreciation of the good start given

them by your contribution. Please express our appreciation, as well as a Happy New Year to each Junior Red Cross member."

## SWEET TREAT



CAN YOU imagine thirty one-ton trucks piled high with 250,000 four-ounce bags of delicious sugar-coated chocolate candy?

This is the treat which American Junior Red Cross members sent last year through the National Children's Fund to youngsters in Europe, most of whom haven't tasted candy for years. It took \$19,791.66 of your money to provide Belgium, Yugoslavia, France, Greece, Italy and Czechoslovakia each with 30,000 bags; Norway and Holland each with 25,000 bags; and Great Britain with 20,000 bags.

We had hoped to send shipments of candy to children in Poland, Finland, and China, but transportation could not be secured.

In the November News we said that "following liberation, Philippine children got 52,000 pounds of candy. They also received needed milk." This was incorrect. What we should have said was: "After the liberation, Philippine children received from the American Junior Red Cross 1,000 pounds of candy, 52,000 pounds of dried milk."

## CALL AGAIN



WHEN gifts were requested for 100 little children on Okinawa, American Junior Red Cross members in the Hawaiian Islands sent over in short order such wonderful things as electric trains, toy wagons and model airplanes. On their memorandum advising National Headquarters of the shipment of these items, the Hawaiian Junior Red Cross wrote "Call Again!"

## POSTON REPORTS



A SPLENDID annual report of American Red Cross activities has come to us from the war-born town of Poston, Arizona. Poston was the largest of nine War Relocation Centers to which some 18,000 peo-



WAR ON WASTE



COMMUNITY SERVICE



NATIONAL  
CHILDREN'S FUND



SCHOOL  
CORRESPONDENCE



Right: French Junior Red Cross members examine medical chests just received from American Junior Red Cross



Pictures in circles taken recently in Paris, show children in need of medical aid

PHOTOS IN CIRCLES FROM RAPHO-GUILLET

ple were moved during the war years. Two-thirds of them were American citizens of Japanese parentage, and the remainder were citizens of Japan.

Some of the accomplishments of the boys and girls in Poston are reflected in this report. The entire student body of the six schools, some 3,440 children, were members of the American Junior Red Cross. Of these 224 were enrolled in the American Red Cross Home Nursing Course, and 181 received certificates. First Aid classes attracted 194 students. Members took part in the local chapter's Accident Prevention Campaign by making posters, by distributing accident hazard check lists and by holding classroom discussions and special assemblies. Nearly a hundred Junior Red Cross members took over the school's traffic guard duty throughout the year.

Elementary members presented monthly programs on such themes as citizenship and health. They also kept the school yard clean and planted flowers there. A local service fund of \$332.70 was raised and spent on various service projects. The Junior Red Cross Council established and managed a Toy Loan Club for the benefit of the small children in camp. Greeting cards and scrapbooks were sent to patients in local hospitals. Hundreds of members wrote thank-you letters to boys

tary school library; also for cartons of Christmas gifts, toys and games.

#### PLASMA AND PENICILLIN



DURING the war when the U.S.S.R. was in great need of equipment for drying blood plasma, the American Red Cross sent over all the necessary parts for four plasma machines. With them went Captain John Reichel of the U. S. Army Medical Corps to get the machines in running order.

When war ended there was less need for blood plasma, but greater demand than ever for penicillin, that wonder-working drug used to combat bacterial infection in the human body. Fortunately it was found that the blood plasma machines could be used for penicillin-drying as well as for plasma, so three of them will be used for that purpose.

#### GLOOM CHASERS



JUNIOR RED CROSS members of Houston, Texas, are providing fresh flowers from their gardens twice weekly for children in the Autry Tuberculosis Hospital School. The children not only enjoy the beauty and color, but use the flowers for nature lessons.



BICYCLE CORPS



PRODUCTION FOR  
THE ARMED FORCES



GIFT BOXES



VICTORY GARDENS



# Helping Hands

Eva Raw Baird

Pictures by Weda Yap

"SHE has eighteen hands to help with," said Little Two. "Our beautiful Goddess of Mercy has eighteen hands."

"Eighteen hands!" said Big One, who was seven years old, while her little sister Two was only four. "Foolish child, how could anyone have eighteen hands? Where would they keep them? In their pockets?"

But Little Two was stubborn. She insisted that the Goddess of Mercy, whose name in Chinese is Kwan Yin, had eighteen hands.

"Of course she doesn't keep her hands in her pockets," said the little sister scornfully. "That wouldn't help anybody. The Kwan Yin is always helping poor folks in distress, and all her hands are busy. She is feeding the hungry right now in all the Eighteen Provinces. That would be only one hand for each province. No wonder a lot of people starve."

Everybody knows that China has

Eighteen Provinces and that they are very large. And everybody knows that many people in China do starve in spite of the eighteen hands the Goddess of Mercy is supposed to use helping people. But Big One who was seven couldn't let Little Two know more than she did.

"Come show me your eighteen hands on Honorable's idol," she jeered. Two didn't want to go to Honorable's room to look at the blue and gold image of the Goddess, for she knew she wouldn't find any eighteen hands. Honorable was their grandmother, and she kept her Kwan Yin idol fresh and clean, with incense burning to her. She prayed to the Goddess every day to make her grandchildren good and kind, and to feed the starving. Honorable's family were well-to-do farmers who had never been anywhere near starving.

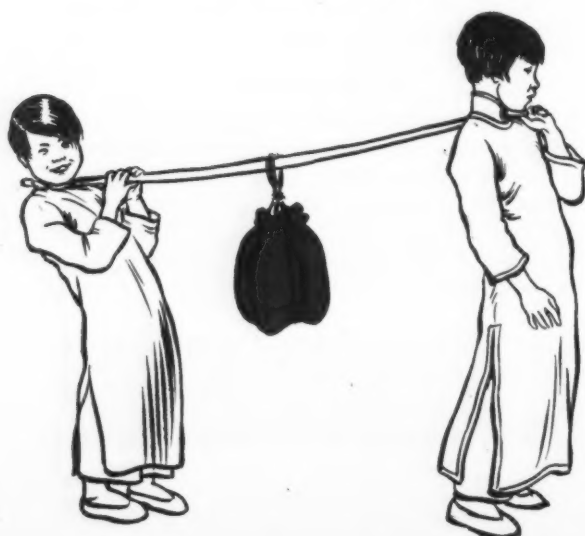
One had her way and Two had to go with her to look at their grandmother's idol. No incense was burning, which was so unusual that the children forgot about the hands they had come to count.

"The Kwan Yin needs us," said Honorable crisply. "And we don't want the house to burn while we are gone."

"Where are we going?" asked One wonderingly.

"To the temple, of course," answered Honorable. "Didn't you hear? Thirty refugee children have been brought to our temple, and they must be fed. Your

One and Two loved to play "coolie" and carry loads on their little pole



father and the uncles are filling bags of rice to take there now. Do you want to carry one?"

One and Two loved to play that they were coolies and carry a load on their little carrying pole. But this was real. Honorable found them a bag just the right size, and their father filled it with rice and fastened it in the middle of the pole for them to lift between them. They could carry it nicely if they set it down to rest occasionally.

The big boys of the family were doing most of the carrying. The rice had been stored in a hidden granary for years. Now it was being given to feed the hungry.

Honorable couldn't carry rice, but she was taking her very last packet of incense to burn to the Goddess when the rice was presented to her Temple.

"It's hard work," gasped Two as the sisters stopped for rest.

"But see how much rice we have, and how many of us are carrying," answered One.

"Little Sister!"—the older girl suddenly realized something—"These are the hands of the Goddess. Why there are eighteen helping hands right in our family."



In front of Kwan Yin, One and Two examined their hands with new interest

Honorable heard them, and looked perplexed. Then suddenly she knew something, too, and smiled. The Buddhist nuns and the Red Cross worker who had brought in the refugees greeted them gratefully, for there really were thirty starving children to be fed.

To the Head Nun, Honorable spoke. "We bring you an answered prayer," she said. "I have prayed to your Goddess all my life to feed the starving. I would burn incense to her now as my family unload their rice."

One and Two had given their little load to the big boys, and now followed Honorable and the nun into the presence of the life-sized image of the Kwan Yin. Hon-

orable lighted the incense and its fragrance filled the house.

It was the nun who spoke the last word. To Honorable she said, "Your offspring have been the helping hands of our Goddess. She needs many now."

One and Two were making deep bows just as their grandmother did, but they were looking at their hands with new interest.

On the homeward road Big One said gently to Little Two, "Our hands are the helping hands of the Goddess."

# Timothy 'Fraid of a Mouse

Catherine Woolley

Pictures by Helene Carter

ONCE there were some folks who had a little mouse in their home.

They wanted to get rid of the mouse, so they said, "We will get a cat." The cat's name was Timothy.

Now the truth was that Timothy was scared to death of mice. But the folks didn't know that. They said, "Now, Timothy, will you please catch the mouse?"

Timothy was ashamed to let the folks know he was afraid of mice. You see, cats are *always* supposed to catch mice. Timothy said:

"Certainly I will catch the mouse. But first I should like to play a little while. May I play a little while first?"

So Timothy played he was a tiger. He jumped at the folks and scared them *awfully*.

Then they said, "Now, Timothy, will you please catch the mouse?"

"Yes, of course I will catch the mouse," said Timothy. "But first I am *very* hungry. Will you please give me a large saucer of milk?"

So they gave him a large saucer of milk.



Then they said, "Now, Timothy, you

have really *got* to catch that mouse!"

Timothy was tired of thinking up excuses for not catching the mouse.

"Oh well, all right!" he said. "Where is this mouse?"

"You must find the mouse by sniffing," they replied.

"Sniff," said Timothy. "Oh, I smell some delicious fish on the pantry shelf!"



So he jumped up and ate the fish. He was glad to see there wasn't any mouse on the pantry shelf.

"Sniff harder," the folks said.

"Sniff, *sniff*!" said Timothy. "Oh, I smell a nice warm furnace in the basement!" So he went down and took a walk in the coal bin. He was *very* pleased to see there wasn't any mouse in the coal bin.

"You must sniff *much* harder," the folks said.

"Sniff, sniff, **SNIFF!**" said Timothy. "Oh, I smell some nice clean clothes in the clothesbasket!" So he jumped into



the clothesbasket. He was just delighted to see there wasn't any mouse in the basket!

So Timothy turned around six times on the nice clean clothes to make a soft spot, and he then lay down to catch up on his sleep.



When he awoke, there was a little mouse sitting on the floor.

"Oh dear," said Timothy, "now I suppose I shall have to catch you, Mr. Mouse."

"Why?" said the little mouse, in a tiny voice.

Timothy felt quite astonished because he didn't *know* why he was supposed to catch the little mouse. "Aren't you a very bad mouse?" he asked.

"I just scare folks," said the little mouse.

"I like to scare folks, too," said Timothy. "Is that all you do?"

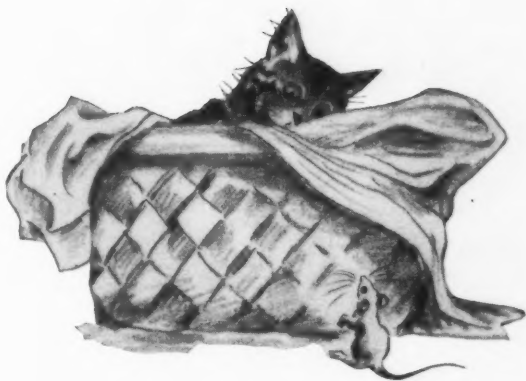
"I eat things," said the little mouse.

"I *love* to eat!" said Timothy, thinking of the delicious fish on the pantry shelf.

"And I make a little noise now and then," said the little mouse.

"I make a little noise, too," said Timothy.

"Well, that's all," said the little mouse sadly. "I just live here quietly."



"Well," said Timothy, "if I let you go, you won't scare *many* folks, will you?"

"Oh, *no*!" said the little mouse. "Very few!"

"And you won't eat much, will you?" said Timothy.

"I'll just nibble!" said the little mouse.

"And you'll try to be quiet!" insisted Timothy.

"I'll be as quiet as a little mouse!" declared the little mouse.

"Then I won't catch you!" said Timothy kindly.

"Oh, thank you!" cried the little mouse, and he ran back into his hole.

Then Timothy got out of the clothesbasket and hurried into the dining room, where he pretended he was looking for a mouse.



The folks said, "Timothy is a good cat, but he *cannot* catch that mouse!"

Timothy said never a word.



Chinese old and young alike respond to the humor of "Yank" magazine, apparently just as good upside down as right side up

## Indoors and Out



Paper shortages and lack of teachers make it necessary for older children to teach younger ones to draw Chinese characters in a sand box



Radio, newspapers and magazines add zest to the study of current events in this classroom of Congress School, Grand Rapids, Michigan



FROM A SCHOOL CORRESPONDENCE ALBUM  
Children of Ord South Grade School, Ord, Nebraska, take time out from school work to frolic in the snow



Above: American GIs and Icelandic youngsters watch a tense game of checkers in a Red Cross club in Iceland. Right: These little boys were favorites at the U. S. Naval Base in Iceland



U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH





# ✦ AN ACTIVITIES CALENDAR ✦



## A GOOD NEW YEAR

### Good Gifts for Servicemen

Ask your Junior Red Cross sponsor what gifts you can make for servicemen in the occupation armies and in hospitals.

*For example:* joke or cartoon booklets, made in language periods, current events and art; games or puzzles, made in manual arts.

Make every gift as good as

### MEDICAL SUPPLIES FOR CHINA

DURING THE WAR, 10 TONS OF MEDICAL SUPPLIES FROM THE AMERICAN RED CROSS WERE FLOWN INTO SHENSI PROVINCE, CHINA. THIS WAS MORE THAN THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE HOSPITALS HAD BEEN ABLE TO SECURE FOR 7 YEARS. ALL AGENCIES OF THE CHINESE NATIONAL GOVERNMENT COOPERATED. WHEN SHIPPING AND DISTRIBUTION BECAME POSSIBLE, JUNIOR RED CROSS GIFTS BOUGHT WITH YOUR NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND WILL REACH CHINESE CHILDREN.

## A GOOD NEW YEAR

### Ways of Sharing Service

Work with other grades through a school council. Work with other schools through a chapter council.

Work with other parts of the country through exchanging inter-sectional school correspondence and contributing to the National Children's Fund.

Work with other nations through international school correspondence.

RED CROSS GIFTS BOUGHT WITH YOUR NATIONAL CHILDREN'S FUND WILL REACH CHINESE CHILDREN.

arts. Make every gift as good as though it was for a big brother, father or personal friend. Ask your sponsor to find out from the Junior Red Cross chairman whether you can collect materials for Red Cross Arts and Skills to use in hospitals.

*For example:* bits of wire, short strips of zippers, ends of bright colored yarn, scraps of new silk or rayon, sea shells, special kinds of empty bottles or jars.

### Good Gifts for Community Service

Find out through your Junior Red Cross councils what your school and your room can do for community service. Make your gifts to fit the special needs of those you send them to.

*For example:* toys or models that will help blind children see how things look; materials for convalescent children to use in making scrapbooks on special themes or in making valentines for next month. Send only clean, stylish looking gifts.

**YOUNG MEMBERS, CUT OUT WINTER PICTURES FROM CHRISTMAS CARDS. PUT THE PICTURES IN AN ENVELOPE. MAKE AN EMPTY SCRAPBOOK WITH COLORED PAGES. SEND THE PICTURES AND THE BOOK TO A CHILD WHO IS GETTING WELL.**

### Good Ways of Giving

Talk over courteous ways of giving: sending gifts through welfare workers instead of taking them yourselves; not staring at or showing curiosity about people in their presence.

Work with other nations through international school correspondence and the National Children's Fund.

In your council meetings decide on jobs for January.

### Gifts for Children Abroad

Through your Junior Red Cross sponsor find out how many Gift Boxes your school can fill.

**YOUNG MEMBERS, FIGURE OUT WHAT PART YOUR SCHOOL WILL FILL OF ALL THE GIFT BOXES YOUR CHAPTER SENDS.**

Read instructions carefully and purchase articles that will give pleasure. You may include one handmade gift like a tiny doll or animal made from beads and wire, or a coin purse made from scraps of new material. Each box should have variety.

If your senior high schools re-make garments for children in other countries, make pocket toys or ornaments. Help collect extra thread and needles, buttons and zippers.

### Working With Other Groups

*Discuss:* Majorities and minorities share responsibility for the welfare of all.

**YOUNG MEMBERS, HOW DO YOU AND YOUR FAMILY PLAY FAIR WITH ONE ANOTHER?**

Your room is a minority in the school, your neighborhood in the town, your state in the nation, our nation in the world.

## AMERICAN JUNIOR RED CROSS

1946 JANUARY 1946						
Sun.	Mon.	Tues.	Wed.	Thur.	Fri.	Sat.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		

Talk over ways that people surmount handicaps. Give examples from your own handicaps. (Everybody has some.)

Talk over ways that all can contribute to the pleasure of others. Give examples about babies in your home; about shut-ins that you know.

If nobody needed pity, everybody would still need to serve one another. Give examples from family life or from business.

In your chapter Junior Red Cross council select some community service which needs the help of all.

**YOUNG MEMBERS, ASK YOUR JUNIOR RED CROSS COUNCIL TO HELP YOU PICK A COMMUNITY SERVICE PROJECT FOR THE NEW YEAR.**

# A Guide for Teachers

BY RUTH EVELYN HENDERSON

## The January News in the Schools

### Check Your Enrollment

This issue of the *Junior Red Cross News* is the last one that your room will receive on your 1945 enrollment. Please ask your school Junior Red Cross sponsor to check with the chapter Junior Red Cross chairman to make sure that your new enrollment for 1946 has been sent to Headquarters.

### The Classroom Index

#### Art:

"Children Skating in Iceland," "Snowflake Fairy"

#### Geography:

*Antarctica*—"Antarctic Discoverer"

*China*—"Helping Hands," "Indoors and Out"

*Iceland*—"Children Skating in Iceland," "I Come from Iceland," "Indoors and Out"

*Russia*—"Fun after School in Moscow"

*U.S.A.*—"Where We Belong," "An Album in the Making," "Ideas on the March," "Indoors and Out"

#### Health Education:

"Children Skating in Iceland," "I Come from Iceland," "Ideas on the March," "Helping Hands," *Calendar* picture

#### Language Arts:

"Snowflake Fairy"

#### Nature Study:

"Snowflake Fairy," "I Come from Iceland"

#### Primary Grades

"Helping Hands," "Timothy 'Fraid of a Mouse"

#### Units

*Animals and Pets*—"Antarctic Discoverer," "Timothy 'Fraid of a Mouse"

*Climate*—"Children Skating in Iceland," "Antarctic Discoverer," "I Come from Iceland," "Indoors and Out"

*Communication*—"An Album in the Making"

*Conservation of Life*—"I Come from Iceland," "Helping Hands," *Calendar* picture

*Exploration and Adventure*—"Antarctic Discoverer," "I Come from Iceland"

*Inter-Group Understanding*—"Where We Belong," "An Album in the Making," "I Come from Iceland," "Fun after School in Moscow," "Ideas on the March," "Helping Hands," "Indoors and Out"

*Recreation*—"Children Skating in Iceland," "Snowflake Fairy," "Fun after School in Moscow," "Indoors and Out"

*School and Education*—"An Album in the Making," "Fun after School in Moscow"

### In Braille

The braille edition for January includes from the *Junior Red Cross News* in braille grade 1½, "Antarctic Discoverer," "Timothy 'Fraid of a Mouse," "Ideas on the March"; from the *Junior Red Cross*

*Journal*, "Birmingham to Bengal," "Go Co-op, Young man—or Young Woman."

### The Calendar Pictures

The *Calendar* pictures this year represent service in behalf of children in other countries. Most are by artists familiar with the countries involved. The pictures and artists so far are: The Beech Hill Nursery in England by Iris Beatty Johnson; Gifts for the Philippines by Leo Politi; Gift Boxes for Norway by Norman Reeves; American Medical Supplies for China by Wango Weng. The present plan for the rest of the year includes a picture about Czechoslovakia by Lillian Neuner, in February; Russia by Maxine Szanton, probably in March; Greece by Theresa Kalab, probably in April, and France by Ann Eshner.

### Gift Boxes Again

A second opportunity to fill Junior Red Cross Gift Boxes for children who have suffered from the war is offered this month. The cartons may be secured by chapters now from area offices and are to be filled and sent to the warehouse for a shipping deadline of April 20. As with the first lot distributed in September and October, members are encouraged to include several playthings as well as the education and health materials. The emphasis will be increasingly on meeting morale needs. Instructions for filling the boxes are sent to each room engaging in the project and a list of acceptable articles is included. Teachers of younger grades may be interested in reviewing again the account of a unit quoted in the October *Guide*.

### Loan Packets on Inter-American Subjects

The following reminder may help you in Inter-American units now or in planning ahead for Pan American Day.

"Through its loan service the U. S. Office of Education makes it possible for teachers and school administrators to examine many valuable and timely materials which have been classified according to the subjects listed below. The loan packets contain bibliographies, source lists, magazines, pictures, maps, games, units and courses of study, program outlines, skits, descriptive booklets, conference reports, reprints of articles, questionnaires, and other materials ranging in difficulty from elementary grades through college. Materials in the packets found suitable after examination may be ordered from publishers, source and price being indicated on each item. Packets may be borrowed for 3 weeks without cost to the borrower, except return postage. Requests should be addressed to the Division of Inter-American Educational Relations, U. S. Office of Education, Washington 25, D. C.

Teachers' material includes: Packet No. 1. Sources of Instructional Material; 2. Education of Spanish-Speaking Children. Materials for Elementary Schools include: No. 3. Hispanic Countries and Cities; 4. Brazil; 5. Social Studies; 6. Music; 7. Art; 8. Literature; 9. Spanish for the Elementary School; 12. Plays, Pageants and Programs.



# Developing Calendar Activities for January

Elementary school organization permits fusion of learning so that art, manual arts, home arts, language skills, other communication skills, and social studies may all be drawn on for the accomplishment of a central aim. Junior Red Cross activities are often a natural help in this kind of fusion if the Junior Red Cross project is selected carefully so that skill and understanding are promoted while, at the same time, the product really meets the need it is intended for.

Reports from schools indicate a high degree of success in such selection of activities. For the pupil, the real end result is not the product but the pleasure of the person for whom the gift is made. The teacher measures success by the growth of her pupils.

The following examples, illustrating a wide variety of activities, are alike in the care with which they were chosen and adapted to the needs of the pupils.

## Port Chester, Westchester Co., N. Y.

"Whenever a Junior Red Cross request is presented to the boys and girls in our elementary schools, we immediately have their interest and the welcome cooperation of their teachers. The thought that the work is to be sent away is an added incentive to careful execution. Sometimes we hear pupils say, 'This might even be going to my brother, or my father or my cousin.'

"Here in Port Chester when the quota sheet or special requests are received . . . the work is apportioned to the appropriate grades for the required month and assigned so that each grade is represented.

"Usually one or two grades a month in all the elementary schools are working on favors or gifts, the number promised for the holiday being equal to the number of pupils and allowing for a few discards which helps to keep the quality at a higher standard. There is a healthy spirit of school cooperation and rivalry because the pupils know that all, for example, fifth grades in all the schools, are working on the same projects but each in a different way. Either a certain amount of originality is allowed, or practice in a different medium, so that the element of learning or of expression is always present. New ideas are in demand and both teachers and pupils assist in planning. . . . It is interesting to note that limitations imposed by special needs necessitating a different technique often prove an incentive instead of a hindrance.

"Each school usually contributes at least one afghan and a supply of New Havens, wash cloths or other selected articles. The ungraded classes make ash trays and book ends. After a unit is completed, if time remains, samples are exhibited in the different schools. A display of samples of our unit of Christmas decorations was displayed in our public library.

"Our classes are also glad to resume additional service for our veterans, of the kind which we were doing before this war's service men needed our services and which we know will continue in greater volume for several years."

*By Jessie N. Gilbert, Art Supervisor, Elementary Schools*

## Mt. Kisco, Westchester Co., N. Y.

"Writing portfolios made by the eighth grade presented opportunity to practice accuracy in measurements, as well as the manipulation learnings of construction.

For their covers, a study of the principles of design was necessary. This was followed by the application of the pupils' learnings in color harmony. Some were decorated with painted designs, while other children used cut-outs from wallpaper. Both were equally pleasing. The memo pads presented opportunity for practice of the same knowledges and skills as the portfolios. Since they were a bit less difficult, they were made in the seventh grade."

*By Miss Alice H. Gorton, Art Supervisor of the Mt. Kisco High School*

## Santa Monica, California

The distribution of Junior Red Cross work here is directed by Miss Mary E. Whelan, supervisor of art education. An example for the school year 1944-45 was as follows:

1. *Third Grade*—tray favors—cutting and pasting
2. *Fourth Grade*—woven bookmarks—weaving (Mexican Unit)
3. *Fifth Grade*—pad and pencil sets—construction
4. *Sixth Grade*—portfolios—construction; wall hangings—illustration, craft
5. *Fifth and Sixth Grades*—greeting cards—brush stroke, stencilling (Chinese Unit)
6. *Junior High School*—portfolios—construction; pad and pencil sets, greeting cards—stencilling, block printing; card table covers—stencilling."

Instructions were issued by Miss Whelan for such items as pad and pencil sets and writing portfolios as well as the more generalized suggestions for free art work involved in making wall hangings.

An example is quoted here:

## Making Portfolios

### Materials:

2 pieces cardboard—8" x 8"; 1 piece wallpaper—9½" x 19"; 1 piece poster paper (for back trim)—3" x 9½"; 1 piece oaktag—¾" x 8"; 1 piece construction paper—7½" x 10" (lining); 1 piece construction paper—12" x 5½" (pocket); 1 blotter

### 1st Lesson:

Fold outside wallpaper cover in middle. Draw line ½" on each side of center fold and ¼" from each edge. Mitre corners and cut.

Paste back trim on wallpaper cover 3" x 9½" (colored poster paper, if available, from your stock). Paste in hinge strip—all-over pasting on center fold (¾" x 8" oaktag).

### 2nd Lesson:

Place cardboards in position on wallpaper cover. Paste wallpaper edges over 8" x 8" cardboards—pasting only on turned-over edges. Place under weights. Make pocket (5½" x 12" construction paper), and paste on 7½" x 10" construction paper. Place weights.

Punch holes in cover and fasten jute ties with gummed paper. Paste pocket side to portfolio—all-over pasting—passing over hinge strip and pressing paper down in hinge.

Paste on blotter—edge pasting.

Place under weights until dry.

## Sewing Units

Nearly all the sewed items needed for service men or for overseas gifts present problems too difficult for elementary grade skills. Many of the toys, however, are made successfully, especially of felt and oilecloth, which do not fray. Small felt animals or dolls can be made from scraps that have been salvaged from old hats and cleaned. These are sometimes appropriate to include in gift boxes (not more than one, of course) or to use as "pocket toys" slipped into garments made in senior high schools.